WE CAME FROM APES.

A London Physician's Observations in

Support of Darwin's Theory.

LINES ON THE SOLES OF THE FEET

And the Remarkable Power of Infants to

Cling by the Hands.

PIELD FOR SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The Survival of the Fittest,

a Baby

proaching foe.
Wallace, Du Chaillu and many other

A Well Established Fact.

serve to what extent it existed in the human infant. And it is well to remember that not

enough authenticated to be used for dramati

purposes by the novelist.

I carefully experimented on a large number of infants of under a month old, and found, to my astonishment, that in consid-

erably over 100 cases not one failed to exhibit it, and that in all but two instances

the children were able to hang by their hands to my finger or a small stick and bear

their whole weight for periods varying from five seconds to over two minutes and a half.

Tried It on His Own Son,

placidly from my forefinger for 15 seconds. Now no one can assert that this extraor

dinary prehensile power is of any material use to the human infant. To understand

use to the human infant. To understand its phenomenal development we must con-sider the general placidity and feebleness of the muscular system in young babies (strictly excepting of course the muscles which work the howling apparatus) and also the fact that an untrained, strong adult will find hanging to a horizontal bar for three minutes a pretty severe test.

for three minutes a pretty severe test.

I have asserted, and hitherto have met

with no contradiction, that this surprising gift of grip can only be explained as a vestige of that power which for thousands of generations was the means of saving our arboreal ancestors from destruction.

In conclusion I will quote the words of Darwin on the expression of a feeling which may possibly be called forth in some by what I have already written; for it is likely to proze useful and edifying to the debaters on both sides: "He who rejects with scorn the belief that the shape of his own teeth is due to our early forefathers having been

with no contradiction, that this surprising

It Was a Case of Mutual Love at First Sight When He Met James G. Blaine.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

The New Secretary's First Ten-Dollar Bill Easily Earned.

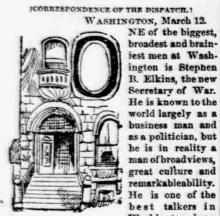
A FEE OF \$10,000 FOR AN HOUR.

broadest and brainest men at Washington is Stephen

B. Elkins, the new Secretary of War.

world largely as a business man and

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, March 12.



He is one of the best talkers in Entrance to Elkins' Wash. Washington, is an eloquent speaker, and his business sense is such that at 50 he is prospectively one of the richest men in the

United States. He owns hundreds of thousands of seres of valuable land in New Mexico and elsewhere. He is interested in mines, railroads and other things in the far West, and the estate which he and his father-in-law, ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, own in West Virginia is a principality in itself. They have in that State hundreds of thousands of acres of fine timber land, thousands upon thou-sands of acres of great beds of coal, and they build their own railroads and ship their coal and coke over these by the hundreds of thousands of tons every year to the markets of the world,

Employ Men by the Thousand. They have in constant employ on their West Virginia property nearly 5,000 men and the number of their employes is increasing every year. They are adding to their estate here right along by the purchase of new land, and within the past few weeks they have bought more than 12,000 acres. It is almost impossible to calculate the value of these lands. The 50 miles of coal land along their railroad which they own is a fortune in itself, and parts of these coal beds are 14 feet deep. It is estimated that one foot of coal will produce a thou-sand tons to the acre and a 14 foot vein will

orodnee 14,000 tons for every acre.
Only one of the West Virginia veins Only one of the West Virginia veins mensures as much as 14 feet, but the 50 miles of coal lands which Secretary Elkins and Senator Davis own, contain many millions of tons, and they have it so located that it can be made easily available by their railroads. This coal is noted for its fine coking qualities, and they now have many hundreds of great ovens for the making of coke along the lines of their railroads secretary Elkins tells me that at no distant day they expect to have thousands of these coking ovens in operation, and he is enthu sinstic as to the possibilities and the pros ects of West Virginia.

Known Best as Blaine's Friend.

Secretary Elkins' home in West Virginia is one of the finest in the United States. It contains over 90 rooms and i one of the wonders of modern architecture. He has also a house in New York, and he lives here at Washington in Senator Palmer's hig brown-stone mansion within a stone's throw of the White House and not far from Secretary Blaine. Mr. Elkins has been so closely associated with Blaine that he has gotten to be known more as Blaine's friend than as Stephen B. Elkins. He is a great personality in himself, however, apart from Blaine, and during several long cours which I have recently had with him I have been surprised at his breadth of thought and originality of idea and expres-

Let me tell you how he looks. He is one Let me tell you how he looks. He is one of the biggest men I have ever known. Standing over 6 feet in his stockings, his broad shoulders are well padded with muscular flesh and his big arms make you think of those of Samson, and his legs are firm and strong. He is not fat, but his massive frame has no angles, and he is the proposition of more really back. personification of energetic health. He has great, big, round head, which is fastened to his stout shoulders by a strong, well-made neck, and his face shines with the rosy iron of pure blood, and his clear, blue eyes look out from under broad, open brows.

Strong but Pleasant Facial Lines. He has a strong jaw, but there are pleas ant lines about his mouth, and his short strong, white teeth are often shown in way of laugh. His hair is now white. It is cut short and you can see the rosy scalp show-ing through its frosted silver strands. See retary Elkins' face is smooth-shaven and its mobility is shown in the changes of expression which pass over it as his thought turns from grave to gay as he talks. His face impresses you with its cleanliness and his words are as clean as his skin.

He never uses slang or profanity, and he once told me that he had never in all his life uttered a word which he would be ashamed to repeat in the presence of the purest woman he knew. There is nothing snobbish or sanctimonious however in his talk. He is periectly frank and open. He is as outspoken as a boy, and he makes me think more than anything else of a good boy grown up. He is a man of wide reading and classical training. He entered the University of Missouri at 14 and graduated at 18, and he has been a student all his life.

A College Boy's Notions Upset. He had for a time, the college boy's idea of man's mission in the world, and thought that study and reading was the chief end of man. He got over this, however, when he ned into active life in his law practice New Mexico, and found that brains and force were exerted with great effect without the aid of Greek or Latin, and where he

supplemented his education by fighting legal and business battles in the most stirring parts of the West. Secretary Elkins was born in Ohio within a short distance of where General Sheridan was born, and not far from the birthplace of Jeremiah Rusk. There are now four members of the Cabinet and the President in this administration who were born in Ohio. Secretary Noble was born in Columbus, Foster came from Fosteria, Harrison was born in North Bend, and Jeremiah Rusk came from Morgan county, O. When Secretary Elkins was quite young his parents emigrated to Missouri.

You were in the army during the war,

Mr. Elkins?" said I.
"Yes," said the Secretary of War, "I was only a boy and I had just gotten through school, but I was made the captain of a militia company and I served under General Tom Ewing. My father and mother sympathized with the South, and my father and some of my brothers were in the South-ern army. I don't know why I went with the North, but I had an intuition that the Union ought not to be destroyed.

The Meeting With Schofield,

ice," continued Mr. Elkins, "that was rather curious in the light of my present position. It was my first meeting with General Schofield. He was surrounded by orderlies in gay uniforms, and he dazzled our eyes with the gold lace, brass buttons and the fine clothes of a Major General and his staff. He was as straight as an arrow. His convergence have sud-command. and his staff. He was as straight as an arrow. His eyes were sharp and commanding, and as he sat there upon his horse among his soldiers he seemed to me the very incornation of martial warfare. As I looked I thought: 'Well, this ends it! What fools the rebels are to think they can beat such soldiers as these! If they could only see our army shey would throw up the straight as cone; '"

only see our army they would throw up the struggle st once."
"Well," Mr. Elkins continued, 'I did not see General Schofield to speak with him from that day until I met him here as Secretary of War, when he came as General of the Army to pay his respects to me as his superior officer. As I shook his hand I said: "General Schofield, I have met you before. I paid my respects to you when you were a Major General at 31 in Missouri, and I thought then that you were the great-Fig. Money-Getting Faculty Exemplified in Land Purchases.

CHAIRMAN B. F. JONES' CAMPAIGN OF '84

Wou were a Major General at 31 in Missouri, and I thought then that you were the greatest general the world had ever made. I was a boy captain of militia and you were a hero in my eyes, and it seems strange that we should meet again after nearly 30 years and stranger that I, by the fates, should be placed over you.

Practicing Law in New Mexico.

(1) Any the way "continued Mr. Filting.

Practicing Law in New Mexico.

"After the war," continued Mr. Elkins, I decided to go West. We went in wagons and had two large trains with military escorts to keep off the Indians. We traveled over that great American desert day after day until our eyes were sore and our souls were sick with its bleakness and barrenness. I traveled to the town of Messilla, near El Paso, and there began the practice of the law.

silla, near El Paso, and there began the practice of the law.

"I had been studying Spanish," continued the Secretary, "while we crossed the plains. All the courts were in Spanish, the government proceedings of all kinds were in Spanish. My first case I tried in broken Spanish, and I remember I got \$10 for it. It took me about five minutes, and it was the first money I had ever made. I remember looking at it and thinking I had made it very easy and feeling proud of it. I soon got plenty to do. My Spanish improved and I was made a candidate for the Legislature, where all the proceedings were in Spanish. I first attempted to speak through an interpreter, but I did so poorly at it that I dismissed the interpreter and begged the pardon of the Legislature for my begged the pardon of the Legislature for my broken Spanish, and made my speeches as well as I could. I was well grounded in Greek and Latin, and I soon found that I had mastered the language, and to-day I can speak Spanish fairly well.

Learning the Value of Money. 'The lawyers of New Mexico then trav-

"Do you think that West Virginia will be Republican in the next Presidental elec-tion?"
"I think there is a fair fighting chance

"I think there is a fair fighting chance for it," was the reply.

"How about the general prospects?"

"I believe that President Harrison will be the candidate of the Republican party, and that he will be elected."

"Mr. Elkins, you have for the past 15 years been closely associated with the management of party politics. You have been on the National Committee and have been one of the managers of Presidental campaigns and you must know all about the inside workings of such things. I want to know whether there is much corruption in politics and whether we are not growing worse as we grow older."

Chairman Jones Ran a Pure Campaign.

"I am not a politician," replied Mr.

Chairman Jones Ran a Pure Campaign.

"I am not a politician," replied Mr. Elkins, "in the usual sense of the word and I have only been connected with politics as the friend of the Republican party and as the friend of Mr. Blaine and of President Harrison. I have nothing to do with politics outside of the national campaign, and as soon as these are over, I go right back to business. I think that party politics and party management grow purer and purer as

business. I think that party politics and party management grow purer and purer as the country grows older. Congress to-day is run on a higher plane than ever before, and public opinion demands a higher political morality every year.

"I don't believe there is as much corruption in Presidental campaigns as the people suppose. The buying of votes which is sometimes charged would, I think, be a very dangerous thing. The laws are such that the people would not dare to do it, and I don't think they want to as much as is charged. When I was connected with the Blaine campaign, in 1884, I said to Mr. B. F. Jones, who was the Chairman of the committee, that I did not want to go into the campaign without we could go into it on a pure, honest and high-toned basis, and we then and there agreed that we would allow no money for corruption of any sort. We demaned vouchers for everything that was spent, and we could to day show our books to the world without a blush."

How Elkins First Met Blaine. "When did you first meet Mr. Blaine?"

sked.

"It was when I came to Congress from New Mexico in 1874. The day after Congress opened I was sitting at the table in the front of Welcker's dining room, and Mr. Blaine came and took a seat at a table in the back of the room. I can see his figure to-day in my mind's eye as he looked then. Tall, straight and bold his whole personality was that of the aggressive pop-



STEPHEN B. ELKINS, SECRETARY OF WAR.

eled in a curcuit, going from one court to another and taking what practice came to then at the various county seats. I was them at the various county seats. I was asked by some of the lawyers to make the circuit with them at the close of 'my legis-lative term and I did so. I found I had plenty to do and at some places I made very good fees. The result was that when I got back to Santa Fe, I was \$1,600 ahead. I went on with the lawyers through the circuit to Messilla, and there had a good practice and in a short time found to my surprise that my savings amounted to \$10,-000. Money was then bringing from 20 to 30 per cent a year, and when I found that this money would bring me in an income of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year, and that it was so easily made, I saw this was better than I could possibly do in St. Louis, where I would probably have to starve for years be fore I made a competency and I decided to

"I suppose, Mr. Elkins, it was then that you found money was a good thing?"
"Yes," replied Secretary Elkins, "though
I don't think I ever grew fond of money as money, nor have I ever cared for the making of it with the idea of hoarding it. Began to Deal in Land,

"It was at this time that I thought I dis-covered that I had in me to a certain extent the power to make money, and I began to buy land. I could see, it seemed to me, that railroads must come through the Territory, and I tried to buy as near as possible along the lines where the roads would probable you. bly run. You could get lands then for almost nothing. I was a lawyer and I knew all about the land laws. I examined the titles of such property as I purchased, and I bought a great deal. I had at one time 600, 000 acres of land, and though squatters and others have fought me I have always been able to show that my titles were good."
"I suppose you still stuck to the law?"

"Yes," replied the Secretary. "I con-"Yes," replied the Secretary, "I continued to practice and soon became pretty well known. I was the only young American among the lawyers who could speak Spanish fluently, are as I had good habits and was free from the vices which many of the older lawyers of the West had, I got plenty to do. Before I was 30 I was making \$17,000 a year at the law.

Made Ten Thousand in an Hour. "I remember I had for a time \$7,000 a year "I remember I had for a time \$7,000 a year as a regular salary from Maxwell, who owned the big grant. The Maxwell grant had been sold and the title of it was disputed. Carl Schurz was then the Secretary of Interior and I presented the case to him. The fee was partially a fixed one and partially a contingent one. It took me a little over an hour and I got \$10,000 for it."
"You did not go back to New Maxico."

"You did not go back to New Mexico "You did not go back to New Mexico after leaving Congress?"
"No," replied Mr. Elkins, "I remained in Washington for a couple of years. The first year I made \$50,000 from my law business alone, and the second year I did equally well. I decided, however, to leave Washington and go to New York, and found plenty to do. I got into business in railroads and otherwise, and I have been there were since. Of late years, however, I have ever since. Of late years, however, I have been concentrating my energies in West Virginia, and Senator Davis and myself are doing all we can to develop that State and its resources. We believe it is one of the best States in the Union, and it has a coal larger than Paparel Lands and larger area larger than Pennsylvania and larger than the combined coal areas of England, France and Germany."

West Virginia in 1892. "I see, Mr. Elkins, you are the prospective Governor for West Virginia?"
"No, I am not a candidate," replied Secretary Elkins. "My business arrangements are such that I could not remain at Charleston for four years, though I would appre-

"'Mr. Speaker, I hope you will pardon "Mr. Speaker, I hope you will pardon
the presumption of a young and unknown
man in addressing you without an introduction. I am the new Delegate from the
Territory of New Mexico, ande this is my
first term in Washington. However well I
may be known at home, I am not a all
known here, and I feel that I need the advice and counsel of wiser and more experienced heads than mine in my course in Congress. I want some one to whom I can go to ask counsel, and if it is not too much I would like to ask you now and then as to

what I should do.'
"Mr. Blaine grasped my hand as I came
over to him. He made me sit down and he told me that he knew who I was and that he had noticed me when I had answered to my name. He asked me what I wanted to know and when I told him that I wanted i general adviser as to my actions from time to time he said he would do all he could to help me and that I could call upon him at

A Case of Love at First Sight. "He then turned the conversation to our big ranches in the West, and drew me out to tell him all about my little successes out there. I could not see how he could be so interested in such a person as me, but I told him and felt greatly flattered at his interest. I care him after that assert I there he est. I saw him after that several times be fore his family came from Augusta. He lived then in the next block above me, near Chamberlin's restaurant, and when the family returned 1 was often at his house.

"How about Blaine's letter of declination during the present canvass, Mr. Secretary?"
I asked. "Does it take him out of the race for the nomination and is it sincere? "I think there is no doubt of its sin-cerity," was the reply, "and I do not think that Mr. Blaine will be a candidate. "Can you give me an estimate of Blaine, Mr. Elkins?" said L "Wherein consists

his strength?"

"Mr. Blaine," replied Secretary Elkins, is the most remarkable man I have ever known. He is a great, big, broad genius, packed full of the most wonderful amount of knowledge upon the widest range of subjects, and possessing a wonderful capacity for receiving and absorbing information.

Bialne's Power of Intellect.

"He has the rower of recentivity in a his strength?"

ment only, is bent inward across the sole, beneath the other toes, after the fashion of the state power of receptivity in a greater degree than anyone I have ever known. You may talk to him, and the idea you wish to convey may not be developed in your own mind. You give him an inkling of it and he grasps it in all its possibilities, and with his master mind brings from it products you did not dream of. He has most wonderful memory. He forgets nothing, and his capacity for work is heroulean. Take his Twenty Years in Congress. He wrote some of that book at the rate of eight pages a day. It was toe much for any man to do, and I told him it would break him down if he kept it up, and I think he shows the strain of it to-day.

"I knew Mr. Blaine in his young days. What a man he was and what a moral courage he had. He was afraid to tackle nothing if the thought it was right, and how he fought for his convictional He has, however, grown more conservative as he as grown older and in proportion as responsibilities, and il pok upon him as one of the book at the rativity of his powers, and his chief aim is the success of his reciprocity scheme which he formulated when he was in President Garfield's Cabinet and which he has stuck to ever since."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

in the question raised by Darwin's teaching as to man's origin, and all evidence for or against either of the two prevailing theories is certain to be eagerly canvassed wherever put forward. In this article I propose briefly to discus

GOOD many people

outside the classes es-pecially devoted to the

pursuit of physical

cience are interested

a few facts that have recently come to light which seem to have an important bearing on the controversy. The question raised may briefly be put thus: Is man to be considered as having appeared primarily as a ready-made article who sprang into being somewhat atter the fashion of the old foe of Miles Standish, "the brave Wattawamot," or has he been slowly developed and molded by the machinery of circumstances out of the baser stuff? If the latter view be accepted, does he bear upon him any traces of the earlier stages of the process or marks of the mill which has made him what he is? It is with the desire to throw light upon

this last question that I entered upon the researches into the characteristics of infants, some of the results of which have been published in various medical and scientific journals in England and on the Continent and kindly republished by THE DISPATCH, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Man's History in Fleshy Tablets, The paleontologists, and especially Prof. O. C. Marsh, have shown us the continuous chain which links together many living animals and ancient beasts of very different structure and habits, which lived in epochs too far remote to be connected with the present by any unit of time measurement such as we use to-day. Every day the rocks are yielding up fresh chapters of their story whenever the earth's crust is opened, and whenever the earth's crust is opened, and each quarry or mine or railroad cutting has become a historical record to be read by those versed in deciphering the strange inscriptions there revealed. As yet the fossil history of man is too broken and incomplete to be of much use in explaining his origin. We have, however, graven in the "fleshy tablets'" of his body the material for a wondrous and true chronicle of his upward struggle from brutedom.

It is strange that this vehicle, mutable and prejubble to a proverb should have re-

and perishable to a proverb, should have re-tained the markings of time and nature, like tained the markings of time and nature, like a phonographic tracing, when even the unchanging rocks have failed to keep it. We are but just beginning to comprehend the characters and language of the record, but already the relations have been of a strange and startling kind. The little that has hitherto been put forward in my published papers is but the beginning of a long and ever-growing series of pew facts and hints of revelations yet to come. of revelations yet to come.

A Prehensile but Invisible Tail. My purpose in this paper is to deal with man after he has made an entry on the world's stage. Having once got him here the sooner we take him in hand to read the man after he has made an entry on the world's stage. Having once got him here the sooner we take him in hand to read the chequered palimpsest of his little pink hids the more we shall learn. For he is a new arrival from the realms of the unknown and it is well to question him before the traces of the past which he brings with him have become obscured or obliterated by new experience. new experience.
That he trails (comet like) "clouds of

glory" behind him is doubtless true, since Wordsworth has said so and thousands have echoed him; but I am by no means sure that this poetic and celestial nimbus does not envelop a more material and mundane core in the shape of a prehensile tail.

But as both clouds and tail are invisible to
the ordinary unimaginative eye, I shall not
further discuss them, but proceed to points which can be more easily seen and appre-

I have likened the skin of an infant to an I have likened the skin of an infant to an ancient parchment covered with successive superimposed writings, and this comparison can be justified without difficulty, in spite of the deceptive appearance of absolute newness which the dormal envelope of the little nascent mortal exhibits.

Evidence on the Soles of the Feet, Let us look first at the soles of the feet. Even at the first glance it is evident that we are observing a palmar rather than a plantar surface. The feet of kittens or pupies are like those of their full grown parents, and present no wrinkles or creases; but the foot of the new-born babe is as



much marked out in lines as the hands. These lines show the old creases which were essential when the foot was a true 'grasping

organ.

If the bottom of the foot at the point of the juncture of the great toe and the rest of the sole is gently irritated, the toes are bent downward to an extraordinary extent, the belief that the shape of his own teeth is due to our early forefathers having been provided with these formidable weapons will probably reveal by sneering the line of his descent, for although he no longer in-tends or has the power to use these teeth as weapons, he will unconsciously retract his 'snarling muscles' (so called by Sir C. Bell) so as to expose them ready for sertion like as if trying to close themselves around some object. Often, the great toe, which in adults has a limited up and down movement only, is bent inward across the sole, beneath the other toes, after the fashion of a thumb. At the same time the creases

Darwin has pointed out that the fine, scarcely visible hairs which cover the limbs are arranged just like those of the higher apes, and that on the arms their direction is toward the elbow. He goes on to show the utility of this arrangement of the hair in the anthropoids. In man no such uses exist, yet the strange similarity remains. I have taken it as a general principle to work upon, that if any habit or structure, which is still existent, but of no apparent use, is generally present in all animals of a class, we shall find that it was at one time—often in the very distant past—of essential service in the struggle for existence.

The Burvival of the Fittest. RIDING IN A TUNNEL.

derground Electric Road. DANGER ONLY IN IMAGINATION.

Murat Halstead Tries London's Un-

Nose Blowing in Europe Is as Disgusting as Our Tobacco Spitting.

FACTS ABOUT THE FOGS OF LONDON WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

It will be easily understood that if some habit essential for maintaining the existence of the race, such a habit, for instance, as that of the young partridge, to crouch and hide itself on the approach of danger, in constitution to the second sec and hide itself on the approach of danger, is operative through many generations, it becomes thoroughly ground into the nature of the creature possessing it. When the hawk hovers over the brood it would always be the chick which is least successful in concealing itself which would be pounced upon and devoured.

Every one which had not the instinct of concealment, or the physical qualities to render such a ruse successful, would be Letter No. 10. I have inspected with the keenest interest the electrical railway in London, which has been recommended strenuously to large American cities, especially New York, as the solution of the rapid transit difficulty. You enter a solid structure marked "Electrical Railway," purchase a ticket, pass an iron gate and enter a room that is declared on the wall to hold 50 persons. As you en-

and Foot of an Ape eliminated in each generation. The habit, therefore, becomes impressed in an ever-increased intensity upon the survivors until it becomes a part of their very nature. Our domestic fowls have, in most localities, been free from the attacks of birds of prey for many generations, yet I have seen a lit-tle bantam chick in a London back street passengers in the car seem to be there from motives of curiosity, and in a state of nervcrouch and cower in the gutter when a large piece of brown paper came drifting and flapping from the window of a high factory close at hand. ous agitation. The motion of the train is an unpleasant swaying, a severe rocking. and unpleasant swaying, a severe rocking, and the noise is that shrill, savage shricking of wheels that the walls of a tunnel echo with so much effect. The stoppage is quiet. People rush in and out. There is a railroad movement. The ascent to the street may be made by stairways or by the lift, and you emerge at an incredible distance from the place of entrance. Prehensile Grasp of Babes. It occurred to me that we might find some habit of self-preservation of a parallel character and of equal importance to this among the young of the arboreal apes; and if, when found, traces of the same characteristic were shown to be obviously persistent in man and service no nearly preserved. istic were shown to be obviously persistent in man, and serving no useful present purpose, it would give considerable support to the Darwinian theory of human descent.

The habit was found in the extraordinary disposition and ability exhibited by very young apes to cling to the parent when, in times of danger, she is obliged to use both arms to climb swiftly out of reach of an approaching foe.

It Is a Very Good System. It is a Very Good System.

The structure of the road is as firm as it can be made of the best materials. The intention is manifestly to secure permanency, to provide against all accidents and win the confidence of the people. The amount of the investment must be excessive. There is nothing alarming about this mode of travel, and the nervous shuddering at the noise of the literally lightning expresses is in part the result of the indulgence of the imagination. Such roads may answer many purposes, and the effect of personal examination is to dispel prejudices against the system. system.

Wallace, Du Chaillu and many other traveling naturalists have observed this, and the former gives in his book on the Malay Archipelago a most interesting account of an infant orang-outang, which, though in all other respects as helpless as a human babe, had such a power of grasp that he had to appeal for help when once it had hooked its fingers in his beard. It is evident that for hundreds and thousands of generations every young ape which failed from any cause to exercise this power in times of danger would fall and perish, and only those which employed it effectually would live to perpetuate the race.

A Well Established Fact. amination is to dispel prejudices against the system.

Repeatedly, in my run through Europe, I have been surprised by the developments of electricity in common use. The most striking example of the utilization of the telephone was in the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. Each room has a telephone, with printed instructions that you must send all orders through the office. This includes fires; water, hot and cold; calls for the porter or chambermaid. You touch the button, and unhook the ear and mouthpiece—a very solid and neat combination—and give your directions. It is a surprising help. The servant who answers the call is the right one, with what you want. If you have friends in the house, you can talk with them from your room by connecting through the office; or you can talk all over town, without leaving your room. I am not aware of it, if there is the equivalent of this convenience in America. Within the last quarter of a century the Americans have invaded Europe with many of their notions, and there are some traces. This then seems a habit or characteristic which should be projected forward into the far future, and I determined carefully to obfact had been advanced.

The power and inclination of the new born babe to grasp a finger, or anything else it could seize with its hands, had also been noted, and Dr. O. W. Holmes in his excellent little book, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals" (which I am ashamed to say is out of print in England), quotes the words of Mr. Kentuck in the "Luck of Roaring Comp." "He waterled with the most benighted lands the American idea to say is offered by the country of the words of their notions, and there are some traces, of their conquests. They have not done many things more remarkable than the triumphant introduction of ice water. The American is no longer regarded as an idiot and treated with derision when he wants a withal when he goes to bed, and even in the most benighted lands the American idea. out of print in England), quotes the words of Mr. Kentuck in the "Luck of Roaring Camp:" "He wrestled with my finger the little cuss" to show that the fact was well that water is sometimes good to quench the thirst of men as well as horses makes way.

. The Habit of Blowing the Nose, The Habit of Blowing the Nose.

There is consolation occasionally for the consciousness of some American bad habits in observing that Europeaus are not in a supreme sense polite, careful, cleanly and considerate always. I admit, with compunction and horror, the American habit of expectoration—the fearful spitting, the frightful cuspidors, the scattering tobacco juice—and yet there are public nuisances along the best streets in French and Italian towns that surpass all the spattered spittowns that surpass all the spattered spit-toons I have seen in the marble halls and on the stairs of the National Capitol, and to-bacco juice is not quite as diffusive as the rank odors of the continental cigar or the It may interest some among this latter cass also to learn that the very last of my experiments was performed a few days ago upon my infant son, Maurice (in the presence and with the full sanction of his mother and nurse) before ever he had undergone the first change from a state of primitive nature into that chrysalis condition of inciplent civilization, known as "Jong clothes;" and this youngest exponent of the Darwinian philosophy hung placidly from my foreinger for 15 seconds. rank odors of the continental cigar or the British pipe; and I grow dizzy with a sense of responsibility when I say that American spitting does not exceed, in aggregate capacity to disgust, the European custom of blowing the nose, especially dueing the prevalence of the plague of influenza.

Once upon a time, a year or two ago, there was a crusade in the most scintillant of our was a crusade in the most scintillant of our New York newspapers against the American hog—the human animal who infests our country and in public places makes a display of brutal greed and selfish vulgarity. The displays most noticed were those in railway cars. The European hogs are as voracious of space and privileges as those of our own continent. One of the highest examples in our country is that of small of our own continent. One of the highest examples in our country is that of a man occupying in a crowded train twice the room he has paid for. I have seen a pair of them in Europe remove the property of others placed to secure seats and take as much space as sufficed for four other persons, doing it with cold-blooded impudence and ostentatious indifference to the convenience of ladies; and the pair of hogs had a lunch basket, from which they stuffed themselves, using the whole compartment as if it were their exclusive dining room.

Next to his clubs, 'shawl-strapped to rugs.

as if it were their exclusive dining room.

Next to his clubs, shawl-strapped to rugs, the English traveler has a foot bag, that he rolls up and secures with two buckles. I beheld a British statesman get into his foot bag. It was lined with coonskins and covered his hips. This, with an overcoat that was caped and fur-collared, made him proof against the grim blasts of January. Fogs Worse Than Pittsburg Knows.

ndon has suffered from fogs this winter in such a degree that they may be said to be a burning question. That is, at last there is so much smoke in the air that there is a is so much smoke in the air that there is a great deal of fire in the public purpose. There is no help except a revolution as to fires. Instead of burning raw coal, the coal must be converted to gas and brought to the metropolis in pipes; and that would be to abolish one of the greatest luxuries of the English—their open, abundant, glowing fires. In winter time, certainly those fires are worth the cost of a narrow and smoky horizon. It is more important to have indoors bright and cosy and happy than out of doors bright and cosy and happy than out of doors bright and spectacular.

Such was the state of the London skies during the six days I was in the city that I never saw an object half a mile distant. Sitting before my coal fire, however, unstinted coals blasing with fervent heat, I felt reconciled to the external conditions. It was a shock, though, walking a clammy street about 11 o'clock A. M., to breathe the bitter, smoky air, behold the houses vanishing in vapor two or three blocks away; catching occasionally a view of what seemed to be phantom towers and domes; to hear the greeting of friends thus: "A fine morning, would be at this last moment anathed in the public purpose. There is no help except a revolution as to fire, however, unstined coals blasing with fervent heat, I felt reconciled to the external conditions. It was a shock, though, walking a clammy street about 11 o'clock A. M., to breathe the bitter, smoky air, behold the houses vanishing in vapor two or three blocks away; catching occasionally a view of what seemed to be phantom towers and domes; to hear the greeting of friends thus: "A fine morning, would be at this last moment anathed

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MURAT HALSTEAD.



WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY MARK TWAIN,

Author of "Innocents Abroad," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

iron gate and enter a room that is declared on the wall to hold 50 persons. As you enter mysterious stairways, by which descents to regions unknown are made, are revealed. After a few minutes a servant of the company in uniform appears, closes the gates, that are of the prison pattern, and turns a lever. The alleged lift descends ponderously about two good stories, the gates are opened with a clink, and lol here is a tube of white glazed brick or tile, with a track at the bottom, and a train of low, narrow at the bottom, and a train of low, narrow at the bottom, and a train of low, narrow at the bottom, and a train of low, narrow are seconds along, is stopped abrupily, and you step on, finding everything clean and sweet and neat, and even glistening, and the sounds are hollow, and there is a sharp suggestion of unreality.

In a moment away you go; and you know by the map that you are passing under the Thames, though it is clear you couldn't say anything about it to the purpose if you should find yourself in a balloon on the way to the moon, or engaged in an exoursion, like that told of by Jules Verne, to the center of the earth. About half the passengers in the car seem to be there from motives of convolving and the sounds are followed that the component of the component of the motivation of the convolving the passengers in the car seem to be there from motives of convolving the passengers in the car seem to be there from motives of convolving that the lost of the carse of the state of any low with the convolving the passengers in the car seem to be there from motives of convolving and the convolving that the declares of America to A

CHAPTER XXII.

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Dinner was kept waiting for awhile for Miss Thompson, but as Gwendolen had not delivered the invitation to her the waiting did no good, and the household presently went to the meal without her. Poor old Sellers tried everything his hospitable soul could devise to make the occasion an enjoyable one for the guest, and the guest tried his honest best to be cheery and chatty and happy for the old gentleman's sake; in fact all hands worked hard in the interest of a mutual good time, but the thing was a failure from the start. Tracy's heart was lead in his bosom, there seemed to be only one prominent feature in the landscape, and that was a vacant chair, he couldn't drag his mind away from Gwendolen and his hard luck; consequently his distractions allowed deadly pauses to slip in every now and then when it was his turn to say something, and of course this disease spread to the rest of the conversation, wherefore, instead of having a breezy sail in sunny waters, as anticipated, everybody was bailing out and



praying for land. What could the matter be? Tracy alone could have told, the others

ouldn't even invent a theory. Meanwhile they were having a similarly dismal time at the Thompson house; in fact, a twin experience. Gwendolen was ashamed of herself for allowing her disappointment to so depress her spirits and make her so strangely and profoundly miserable; but feeling ashamed of herself didn't improve the matter any; it only seemed to aggravate the suffering. She explained that she was not feeling very well, and everybody could see that this was true; so she got sincere sympathy and commiseration; but that didn't help the case. Nothing helps that kind of a case. It is best to just stand off and let it fester. The moment the dinner was over the girl excused herself, and she hurried home feeling unspeakably grateful to get away from that house and that intolerable captivity and suffering.

Will he be gone? The thought arcse in her brain, but took effect in her heels. She

her brain, but took effect in her heels. She slipped into the house, threw off her things and made straight for the dining room. She stopped and listened. Her father's voice—with no life in it; presently her mother's—no life in that; a considerable vacancy, then a sterile remark from Washington Hawkins. Another silence; then, not Tracy's, but her father's voice again.

"He's gone," she said to herself, despairingly, and listlessly opened the door and stepped within.

"Why, my child," cried the mother, "how white you are. Are you—has anything—"
"White?" exclaimed Sellers. "It's gone."

Sellers had had the most confident faith that with the new reinforcement victory would be at this last moment snatched from the jaws of defeat, but it was an error. The talk was as stubbornly disjointed as ever. He was proud of Gwendolen, and liked to show her off, even against Miss Belle Thompson, and here had been a great opportunity, and what had

He shook hands all around and went off to do some work which he said was pressing. The idolators were the width of the room apart, and apparently unconscious of each other's presence. The distance got short-ened a little now. Very soon the mother withdrew. The distance narrowed again. Tracy stood before a chromo of some Ohio politician which had been retouched and chain-mailed for a crusading Rossmore, and Gwendolen was sitting on the sofa not far chain-mailed for a crusading Rossmore, and Gwendolen was sitting on the sofa not far from his elbow artificially absorbed in examining a photograph album that hadn't any photographs in it.

The "Senator" still lingered. He was sorry for the young people; it had been a dull evening for them. In the goodness of his heart he tried to make it pleasant for them now tried to remove the ill impression.

his heart he tried to make it pleasant for them now; tried to remove the ill impression necessarily left by the general defeat; tried to be chatty, even tried to be gay. But the responses were sickly, there was no starting any enthusiasm; he would give up and quit—it was a day specially picked out and consecrated to failures.

But when Gwendolen rose up promptly and smiled a glad smile, and said with thankfulness and blessing—"Must you go?" it seemed cruel to desert, and he sat down again.

again.

He was about to begin a remark when—when he didn't. We have all been there, He didn't know how he knew his concluding to stay longer had been a mistake, he merely knew it, and he knew it for dead certain, too. And so he bade good night, and went mooning out, wondering what he could have done that changed the atmosphere that way. As the door closed behind him those two were standing side by side, looking at that door—looking at it in a waiting, second-counting, but deeply gratewaiting, second-counting, but deeply grateful kind of way. And the instant it closed they flung their arms about each other's necks, and there, heart to heart and lip to

"Oh, my God, she's kissing it!" "Oh, my God, she's kissing it!"

Nobody heard this remark, because Hawkins, who bred it, only thought it, he didn't utter it. He had turned the moment he had closed the door, and had pushed it open a little, intending to re-enter and ask what ill-advised thing he had done or said, and apologize for it. But he didn't re-enter; he staggered off stunned, terrified, distressed.

Five minutes later he was sitting in his room, with his head bowed within the circle of his arms on the table—final attitude of grief and despair. His tears were flowing fast, and now and then a sob broke upon the stillness. Presently he said:

"I knew her when she was a little child and used to climb about my knees; I love

"I knew her when she was a little child and used to climb about my knees; I love her as I love my own, and now, oh, poor thing, poor thing, I cannot bear it—she's gone and lost her heart to this mangy materialize. Why didn't we see that that might happen? But how could we? Nobody could. Nobody could ever have dreamed of

"An incident occurred during my serv-